THE

PROPHETIC PHYSICIAN.

AN

HEROI-COMIC POEM,

ADDRESS'D TO THE

PHYSICIANS.

——— *Apparent* Parvi *nantes in Gurgite vaſto.*
VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for T. COOPER, at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter Row.* M.DCC.XXXVII.

(Price Six-Pence.)

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VIRG.

YE learn'd Adepts, in wond'rous Secrets skill'd;
In ev'ry Flow'r, that paints the Vernal Field!
Who know the genuin from the ſpurious Breed;
The motley Race of het'rogeneous Seed!
Who Infant Vegetation can deſcry;
And in the Matrix of the Tulips pry!
Who ſee with Envy their Indearments tender,
When ambo-ſex'd the happy Snails ingender!
You, who by accurate Obſervance tell
An *Anti-* from a *Poſt-diluvian* Shell!

Who

Who a Bull's Pizze have with Pains found out
To be miſnom'd an Elephant's dry'd Snout!
You, Sirs, whoſe Skill profound ſhall never fail
To know a Rocket from a Comet's Tail!
Whoe'er in *Alma Mater* took Degrees,
Or Self-commenc'd grave Doctors without Fees!
Whether Church-Yards, unprivileg'd, You fill;
Or proud *Diplomas* licence You to kill!
Whether in Chamber-Practice You're Adviſers,
And puff for daily Bread in Daily Advertiſers;
You, whom a Chariot only can maintain;
Or You, who trudge with Cloak, and Ebon Cane!
Who fix Your Matrons in convenient Stands,
To dole about Your Fame with lib'ral Hands!
Whether the Bone, long-honey-comb'd, You cure;
Or the frail Bridge of falling Noſe inſure!
Whether the Nerve, by Bolus, or Injection,
Unturgid long, ſhall boaſt a Reſurrection!
Whether You make Elixirs Orthodox;
Or dry a Gonorrhea to a Pox!
Whether You eaſe the Pains of Parent's Shins,
Or Viſit on the Sons the Father's Sins!

To You my Tale, in wond'rous Lays expreſt,
To all, and ev'ry Member is addreſt!

And

And O protect, Ye learn'd and wiſe Fraternity,
A Work that ſhall endure to all Eternity!

Far in the Covert of a Shady Wood,
Midſt Lulls of murm'ring ſtreams a Cottage ſtood;
There in learn'd Leiſure dwelt a rev'rend Sage,
Who ſcarce perceiv'd the ſlow Advance of Age:
To Health and Peace from Noiſe and Care retir'd;
Alone; if lonely He, whom Phœbus fir'd!
On whom the Beams divine of Science ſhone
In double Portion from th' ætherial Throne!
Thro' all her Mazes Nature he purſu'd,
And human Ills in latent Cauſes view'd!
Botanic Pow'rs he knew; their various Uſe;
The noxious Plant; and ſalutary Juice:
Lov'd and renown'd among the neighb'ring Swains
He liv'd, diffuſing Health thro' all the Plains!
At his Approach Agues no more return'd;
No more the Cholick rack'd, or Fever burn'd:
His potent Voice bids the ſick Wretch revive,
And at his Touch deſpairing Patients live:
More than *W—d*, kills, or *T—r* blinds, he ſaves;
And hourly reſcues Thouſands from their Graves.
Each Day, each Hour, his Faculties refin'd;
And more than Medicine inlarg'd his Mind:

The

The God (his Pow'r ſtill deigning to impart)
Joyn'd the *Prophetic* to the *Healing* Art.
In his fore-knowing Soul *Euphrenius* ſees
Thro' all Eternity Fate's dark Decrees:
Apollo opens to his Vot'ry's View
Whate'er events his *Pythian Prieſteſs* knew.

Not far remote a tow'ring *Villa* roſe,
Whoſe *Lord* there ſought a rural ſoft Repoſe;
Wealthy *Cleanthes*, born to plenteous State,
Happy! cou'd Wealth avert impending Fate!
One beauteous Daughter, not more fair, than good,
To bleſs his Age indulgent Heav'n beſtow'd:
In early Youth he mark'd, with glad ſurprize,
Wit grace her Tongue, and Lightning point her Eyes:
By ſoft Indearments mutually they blend
The tender Names of Father, Daughter, Friend,
On Him alone the bright *Cleora* ſmil'd;
At once his Guardian-Angel, and his Child!
Her Heart was all ingroſs'd by duteous Care;
And Love coud never find an Entrance there:
She ſhunn'd the bridal Rites, and nuptial Chain,
While Half the *Youth* of *Britain* ſigh'd in vain.
But now, a dire Diſeaſe (alas! to ſhow
Our Joys, *Cleanthes*, inſincere below)

A dire Diſeaſe, that baffles human Art,
Boils in thy Blood, and preys upon thy Heart:
Cleora's Self can't ſooth thy Soul to Reſt;
Nor calm the raging Pains, that tear thy Breaſt.

She prays to Heav'n! The Gods propitious hear,
No God could ſure refuſe *Cleora*'s Pray'r!
Who firſt ſhall ſend Relief, they ſtrive above;
But moſt *Apollo*, and the *Queen* of *Love*:
The *Regent God* proves his Superiour Claim,
And with his Mandate thus commiſſions *Fame*!
'Haſte, ſpeed to ſage *Euphrenius*' humble Seat,
'Conduct him to the rich *Cleanthes*' Gate:
'So ſhall the Work by ſure Succeſs be crown'd;
'And my great *Pupil* o'er the Earth renown'd!

Fame bows obſequious, plies her ſpreading Wings,
And to the pining Lord *Euphrenius* brings:
Euphrenius views him o'er; --- each Part ſurveys,
And marks each Symptom of the fell Diſeaſe!
--- Fruſtrate his Search --- the pois'nous Ill remains;
Heaves in his Breaſt, and kindles in his Veins:
Rage, Sorrow, Shame our *Anch'rite*'s Boſom fill;
The ſtubborn Malady eludes his Skill:
Never before his Art in vain was try'd;
Never till now his Aid the God deny'd!

In ſtudious Thought he's wrapt.-- One only ſign
Can make him yet the ſecret Cauſe divine:
He whiſpers faithful *John* a Glaſs to fill
With what his Lord diſcharg'd, a ſmoaking Rill!
(For tainted Streams, that from the Body flow,
In various Salts our certain Ailments ſhow)
With eager Haſte impatient *John* obeys!
But *Fate* or *Phœbus*' *John*'s Return delays!

Now *Envy*, ſummon'd, came. --She rous'd her Snakes!
The baneful Fiend to tenfold Vengeance wakes.
('Tis ſaid *Cleanthes*' numerous *Quacks*, afraid
Of the great *Seer*'s ſucceſs, invok'd her Aid)
To mock the fam'd *Euphrenius*' Art ſhe tries,
And to *Cleora*'s Room impetuous flies:

There in a dark Retreat, conceal'd from ſight,
She found a Myſtic *Vaſe*, unknown to Light!
(Each Night, bleſt *Vaſe*, *Jove* grant that I may be
Depriv'd of Light, converted into Thee!
There I'd receive the Sacrifice divine
Of *holy Water* pour'd thro' *Beauty*'s *Shrine!*)
A *Chamber*-pot nam'd in theſe low Abodes;
A *Jordan* in the Language of the Gods;

Of

Of far leſs Value was *Darius'* Throne,
In all the dazzling Pomp of precious Stone!
The *Fury* ſeiz'd it, and with haggard Eyes
Stalk'd ſlowly forth in meagre † *Peg's* Diſguiſe.

Refreſhing as *Arabia's* ſpicy Gales,
A rich Perfume the *Pool* inclos'd exhales;
Whoſe Vapours roſe in aromatic Steams,
And hot, as * *Albula's* ſulphureous ſtreams!
Limpid as dewey Pearls, that deck the Roſe,
Precious as *What* from heav'nly *Venus* flows:
Midſt feaſting *Gods* ſuch glads *Love's* gen'rous Heart!
The *Nectar* of *Cleora's* *Nobleſt Part!*

By this Deception, *Envy* meant to turn
The *Seer's* juſt Praiſes to opprobrious Scorn!
Two Magic Orbs, that viſual Nerves refine,
(Great *Phœbus'* Gift, and form'd by Hands Divine)
With Care *Euphrenius* to his Noſe applies,
And the warm Fluid views with deep Surpriſe!
Such Glaſs ingenious *Scarlet* never made:
Such to great *Newton* never lent its Aid!

† *Cleora's* Woman
* A River of *Italy.*

Now,

Now, now, Ye *Virtuoſo's*, lend your Ears!
Behold! A Strange *Phænomenon* appears!
Grave *Dons*, your fam'd *Hypotheſis* now fails
Of Animalcules, only ſeen in Males!
Our deep Reſearches leave You all a-ground;
In *Feminino Semine* they 're found!
Mark, what *Euphrenius* ſees! — Important Sight;
That ſtrikes at once with Wonder and Delight!
Lo! In the Vaſe a thouſand Cupids ſtray,
And bathe, and ſwim, and dive in wanton Play:
Others in doleful Poſtures look reclin'd,
And ſeem to mourn the Heav'n they left behind!
But ſtranger yet! — Forms infinite he ſees
Of future Lords, Coquetts, and ſmart Toupees!
Parſons, and Lawyers, there plead, preach, and jar,
And proudly fill the Pulpit, and the Bar!
There Stateſmen grave aſſume a ſtudious Face*
And little Heroes nod with awful Grace!
Pultney's and *Walpole's* there, in fierce Debate,
Divide a Senate, and alarm a State!
There in nice Miniature new *Darcies* ſhine;
And † *Hydes* there multiply with Looks divine!

* Lady Ank — m.

† D — ſs of Q — y

While

While other *Montagues* there ſeem deſign'd,
Alas! — would Fate permit, — to charm Mankind!
The Glaſs diaphanous improves his Eyes,
An Atoms there to Giant-Pygmies riſe!

Th' amazing Sight the raptur'd Sage inſpir'd,
Fury Fatidical his Boſom fir'd:
" *Envy*, deſiſt----no more thou ſhalt deceive!
" Approach, *Cleora*, hear! behold! believe!
" Hail, ſacred Stream! and thou, *Life*'s *Fountain*, hail!
" Whoſe deep Receſs ſuch Prodigies conceal!
" From thee, a Race illuſtrious ſhall deſcend,
" Whoſe ſpreading Fame ſhall o'er the World extend!
" So *Jove* decrees. ---- No more oppoſe in vain,
" O bright *Cleora!* what the Gods ordain!
" A *Noble Youth* ſhall quickly fill thy Arms,
" And to Poſterity tranſmit thy Charms!
" The Nuptial Torch let *Hymen* quick provide,
" Ye *Loves*, and *Graces*, lead the bluſhing Bride!
" What *Gen'rals*, *Judges*, *Biſhops*, ſoon ſhall come,
" To bleſs Mankind from thy prolific Womb!
" Of theſe thou'ſt ſtill an inexhauſted Store,
" But to *Priapus* ſacrifice no more!
" Let that ſoft Hand no more his *Scepter* ply,
" No more *Lucina* and her Rites defy!

" Quit the foul *Engine* for ſubſtantial Joy,
" Nor impiouſly a glorious Race deſtroy!
" Let fumbling Husbands thus, for peaceful Lives,
" Or fearing Cuckoldom, indulge their Wives!
" Let each, old, batter'd, luſtful *Harridan*,
" Be thus diverted, who deſpairs of Man!
" Let theſe, when *Furor Uterinus* urges,
" Still uſe ſuch *Tool*, as old Male-Lechers ſcourges!
" But, why ſhou'd You Love's Worſhip thus profane?
" Why by Idolatry his Altar ſtain?
" To Gods, and Men, why ſhould you give Offence?
" Poſſeſt of Beauty, Fortune, Youth, and Senſe?

The Prophet thus theſe Myſtic Sounds addreſs'd;
Then ſilent ſtood; with Toil divine oppreſs'd.
All, fix'd in Wonder, heard. — Straight *John* appears,
And his *Lord*'s diuretic Viol bears.
Pale *Envy* vaniſh'd at the hateful Sight,
And hid her Torments in the ſhades of Night:
Euphrenius then th' infectious Cauſe explor'd,
And good *Cleanthes* to his Health reſtor'd.

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